

IMMIGRANT BIRTHRIGHT

Any doubts you may have had about the absurdity and falseness of American electoral politics would have been removed if you had lived through the barrage of advertising that preceded our South Carolina presidential primary. Every single one of the Republican candidates pretended to have become Horatio at the Bridge, single-handedly holding back the onslaught of illegal aliens. Mr. Huckabee even claimed that he feels kin to us fellows driving pickup trucks with Confederate flags. And despite the Eighth Commandment, the Rev. Mr. H. appropriated Dr. Paul's issue of "birth-right citizenship," proposing a constitutional amendment against the fraud of new citizens being created by virtue of being relatives of innocent "anchor babies" born on our soil to illegal aliens. Mr. Thompson—a layman, admittedly—then violated the Ninth Commandment by saying he would himself "reconsider" the issue, asking us to suspend our disbelief that he had ever considered it a first time.

An early U.S. Congress defined a citizen as a free white person born or naturalized in the United States. That indicated who Americans thought they were and intended to remain, though it was mainly concerned with defining status as to protection in international matters. Although the Constitution called for uniform rules of naturalization, citizenship long remained a matter determined by the states. And in the states, it was determined less by legal technicalities than by society—immigrants who were adopted into American communities or who formed communities acceptable to their neighbors were treated as citizens. At the time, citizenship did not confer a claim on government hand-outs and, in fact, involved obligations and duties of self-government to be exercised in regard to the jury box, the ballot box, and the cartridge box.

Then came that great rub of all rubs, the War Against Southern Indepen-

dence. It was necessary to clarify the status of some millions of black persons who heretofore in federal law and jurisprudence, and in the constitutions and laws of all but a few states, were not citizens, whether slave or free. Thus, the Fourteenth Amendment: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States . . ."

The amendment, fraudulently ratified and laden with infinite mischief, was intended to meet the particular problem of the freed people's status. Of course, its true intent was to allow Republicans to enlist the black vote in the South and thus permanently control the Union—and, as some historians have plausibly argued, to pave the way for corporations to have federal immunities from state interference as "persons."

The bit about "subject to the jurisdiction thereof" was the troublesome part, since it might be construed to apply to persons who were neither born in nor naturalized in the United States. It was not until 1898 that the Supreme Court gave "birthright citizenship" to all "legal residents." Even then, there was a question about the Indians who, it seems, were not intended to be covered by the Fourteenth Amendment. (Those who did not confer citizenship on babies born to American Indians could hardly have intended conferring it on babies born here to Mexican Indians.) It is complicated, but as far as I can tell, there has never been a definitive law or court decision that automatically makes children born to illegal immigrants citizens. But that seems long to have been the accepted practice, which is not surprising, since 20th-century America was pretty well seduced by the charming fable of the Melting Pot—that Americans are a new international race of men without borders, united only by common benevolent emotions.

Mr. Huckabee says he would propose a constitutional amendment clarifying whether citizenship is a matter

of parentage or place of birth. This would doubtless be a good thing, if it could be accomplished. However, we know that promoting a constitutional amendment that can never be ratified is a familiar trick Republican politicians use to dodge hard issues. Not to mention that it is brought forward by an aspirant to high office who, only yesterday, wanted to make millions of illegals into instant citizens. In this, as in many other cases, a constitutional amendment is not needed. What is needed is for Americans to make up their minds who they are and what they want to continue to be.

—Clyde Wilson

TO CATCH A TERRORIST

The watershed U.S. Supreme Court decisions *Roe v. Wade* and *Doe v. Bolton*, we are told, "empowered women" to control their lives. In reality, they empowered the Police State and set the U.S. Imperium on a trajectory where it not only could deny the personhood of the unborn but could legally classify whole groups of people who object to the Imperium, at home and abroad, as nonpersons—individuals who can be rounded up, imprisoned, tortured, and deprived of our traditional legal provisions.

Today, civil libertarians of the right and the left deplore the growing Police State; they object to the fact that citizens can be arrested, tasered, and detained without cause; that their phone calls, e-mails, and other private communications, as well as their travel, can be monitored; that citizens must exercise prior restraint on their very thoughts.

They can thank *Roe* and *Doe* for all of that.

Government violence against pro-lifers peaked during the reigns of Republican Presidents Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush. Hundreds of peaceful pro-life demonstrators were beaten, their arms, wrists, and shoulders, broken. In the late 80's, as pro-

life “rescue” operations took place, police in West Hartford, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, and other cities removed their badges and name tags before assaulting old men and women, sexually tormenting young women, and incarcerating protestors, who were held without charges for prolonged periods. When such scenes were videotaped, even by local television reporters, police or judges seized and often destroyed the film and cameras.

According to the American Life League, between 1987 and 1996, 100,000 American pro-lifers risked arrest, and 70,000 were arrested and stood at show trials, without a whimper from civil libertarians on the left—the honorable Nat Hentoff excepted.

Meanwhile, as government officials and members of the media began increasingly to refer to peaceful anti-abortion protestors as terrorists, real Middle Eastern terrorists got a free pass to enter the United States, train at flight schools and plot large-scale terrorist activities, overstay their visas, travel abroad unrestricted, and even, in the case of September 11 ringleader Mohammed Atta, run a business in Toronto manufacturing fake ID cards.

Halfway between the February 26, 1993, bombing of the World Trade Center and the April 19, 1995, Oklahoma City bombing, Attorney General Janet Reno established a secret database known as VAAPCON (the Violence Against Abortion Providers Conspiracy), which collected data on tens of thousands of pro-lifers, including the late John Cardinal O'Connor of New York and other U.S. bishops.

That same month (August 1994), according to the Center for Cooperative Research, Omar al-Bayoumi, a young Saudi with extensive ties to the Riyadh government and its aviation industry, arrived in San Diego, where he made contact with a number of the September 11 hijackers.

In the 29 months between October 23, 1998, when James C. Kopp assassinated Buffalo abortionist Barnett Slepian, and March 29, 2001, when Kopp was arrested, nearly 300 FBI agents and other police, as well as agents of Interpol, were on Kopp's trail, inter-

viewing anyone and everyone who had ever come into contact with him. But, as the 9/11 Commission Report revealed (but did not point out), when Kopp was captured, the entire U.S. intelligence “system was blinking red,” indicating an imminent terrorist attack.

Overall, during these years when several dozen Middle Eastern terrorists were plotting from within the United States, there were, at any given time, between 11 and 39 FBI field agents (out of 11,000) pursuing rock-solid leads on Arab terrorists in U.S. flight schools.

In other words, the Clinton and Bush administrations devoted between 8 and 27 times the manpower to bringing James C. Kopp, whose victim was a specialist in late-term abortions, to justice.

By October 1998, when Kopp fired the shot he says was intended to wound Slepian, the FBI knew that the September 11 hijackers were all in place, were traveling with ease from the United States to Canada and abroad, and had a good bead on their Saudi funding sources.

According to the Report of the Joint Inquiry Into the Terrorist Attacks of September 11, 2001, FBI agents Robert Wright and John Vincent were tracking a Saudi terrorist cell in Chicago through the first half of 2001 but were told to take no action other than to follow the suspects around town and file reports. When they managed to trace the Al Qaeda operatives' funding to Saudi multimillionaire businessman Yassin al-Qadi, their supervisor told them not to make any arrests

and thwarted the criminal investigation they sought.

And then, of course, “everything changed,” and the Police State tactics the government employed against pro-lifers were applied to nearly everyone. In post-*Roe* America, only the state and its protectors enjoy the civil rights most Americans took for granted before 1973.

—Paul Likoudis

ROTTEN DEMOCRACY

For decades, Kenya has been an oasis of peace, compared with her neighbors Rwanda, Uganda, Sudan, and Somalia. That changed on December 30, 2007.

After 24 years of the corrupt presidency of Daniel arap Moi, Kenyans had high hopes when, in December 2002, they elected Mwai Kibaki as their president for the next five years. President Kibaki appointed as Kenya's first “Corruption Czar” (“Permanent Secretary for Ethics and Governance”) John Githongo, a man of impeccable integrity.

Githongo performed his duties well—so well, in fact, that he unearthed massive corruption within the Kibaki government itself. He learned, among other things, that a huge government contract had been handed to a nonexistent company, a scheme to transfer money from the pockets of the Kenyan taxpayers to those of some of President Kibaki's associates. When Githongo reported his discoveries to Kibaki, the president refused to support him. Then, after his life was

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threatened, Githongo decided it was prudent to live to fight another day. On January 24, 2005, he flew to England, tendered his resignation, and told the world what he had uncovered. He was called a traitor for criticizing Kenya from a foreign country.

Although we have been told that Kenya's economy has grown at an annual rate of five percent during Kibaki's presidency, ordinary Kenyans are unable to see any improvement. A few Kenyans are extravagantly wealthy, and a few more have a decent standard of living, but the vast majority still get by on less than one dollar per day—in a country where gasoline sells for five dollars per gallon.

Then, on December 27, 2007, the Kenyan people chose Raila Odinga as their new president. But, instead of accepting defeat, Kibaki and his cronies stole the election from the Kenyan people, in order to steal their money for five more years.

The rigging of the election took place crudely and openly. Alexander Graf Lambsdorff, chief observer of the European Union Election Observation Mission (EU EOM), reported on December 30, 2007, that "We regret that it has not been possible to address irregularities about which both the EU EOM and the ECK [Electoral Commission of Kenya] have evidence. The result for the Molo constituency, for example, was announced in the presence of EU EOM observers at the constituency tally centre as 50,145 votes for President Kibaki, while the ECK today declared the result for the President to be 75,261 votes." In some parts of Kibaki's home province, voter turnout exceeded 100 percent!

One of the clerks involved in tallying the votes, Kipkemoi Kirui, reported before television cameras what he had witnessed: "I left after the third constituency tally because of the shameless and blatant alteration of votes done at every section." The government responded with a news blackout. Later, Kibaki's spokesman said, "The only thing the President wants to do is to heal this nation, and the media is not part of that process."

Shortly after Kirui's courageous re-

port of the election rigging, the chairman of the ECK, Samuel Kivuitu, announced that President Kibaki had been reelected. The Kenyan people—at least those with an understanding of the distinction between truth and falsehood—knew it was a lie. Minutes later, Kibaki was sworn in for a second five-year term. Two days later, Kivuitu said that he had acted under great pressure and admitted, "I do not know whether Kibaki won the election."

When Africans are told that they should choose their leaders the way Westerners choose theirs, when they turn out in large numbers to vote, and when the election victory is then stolen from them, some decide to seek justice by other means. Odinga was told by many voices that, if he was unhappy with the official election result, he should challenge it in the courts. That is absurd. Judicial decisions in Kenya are sold to the highest bidder. And, even if there were a just decision, it would not come before Kibaki completed his second term.

Within minutes of the deceitful announcement that President Kibaki had been reelected, the slums of Kenya erupted. Kibaki's government responded brutally. Kenyan policemen—who carry rifles, not pistols—began shooting protesters, as well as anyone else unlucky enough to be in the vicinity. In one case, a policeman shot and killed a mother and child. Another officer, from the same ethnic group as the innocent victims, shot and killed the first policeman. Kibaki and his cronies share responsibility for these deaths. But they don't care whether a few hundred innocent Kenyans are killed, so long as they can steal the taxpayers' money for another five years. And they know that the deaths of a few hundred poor Africans will soon be forgotten by the world's most powerful countries.

The U.S. State Department contributed to the injustice by imprudently congratulating Kibaki on his reelection and calling on all sides to accept the results. At the same time that we were killing Iraqis in order to spread democracy in the Middle East, we were recognizing as legitimate an

African government that stole an election by blatant fraud, then gunned down those who were courageous enough to protest the violation of their democratic rights. Washington later withdrew the congratulations, but the damage had already been done.

Some elements of the Western media are contributing to the injustice by reporting that Kibaki won a close election and Odinga refused to accept defeat—a patent falsehood. Some Western media are also reporting that the violence is tribal. The violence in Kenya has become tribal, but it began with corruption committed by greedy people who happened to belong to particular ethnic groups. The violence in Kenya is fundamentally about economic injustice, not ethnic identity. Githongo belongs to the same ethnic group as Kibaki.

Odinga is being told by non-Kenyan leaders that he should "reach out" to, and "dialogue" with, Kibaki. Reaching out and dialoguing with thieves rarely solves problems. There will be no true peace in Kenya, until Mr. Kibaki admits that he lost the election and is no longer the president. If that does not happen, Kenya will become increasingly unstable—with adverse consequences for her already unstable neighbors.

—An American in Kenya

BOBBY FISCHER, R.I.P.

Bobby Fischer, the reclusive, troubled, and often unpleasant chess genius from Brooklyn who single-handedly crushed the myth of Soviet invincibility, died of kidney failure in Iceland on January 17 at the age of 64.

Robert James Fischer was born out of wedlock to a prominent Hungarian atomic physicist, Pal Nemenyi, who was involved with the Manhattan Project, and a Jewish-American woman whose communist sympathies took her to the Soviet Union on the eve of World War II. Nemenyi died soon thereafter, in 1952; "Bobby" never got to know him. The security implications of the affair were nevertheless obvious. A suspicion of links with the

Soviet secret service surrounded the mother, and eventually the boy, for years to come.

An evident *Wunderkind* from the age of six, Fischer devoted his entire childhood and youth to chess. By 11, in his own words, he “just got good.” Bored by school and human company, he gave up on both in 1958, when, at 15, he became the youngest grandmaster in history.

Fischer had an IQ of over 180 and an astonishing memory that enabled him to recall every move of all his championship games. On his way to the top, he turned opponents into victims, “destroying wills and usurping psyches.” His lack of social skills and extravagant demands on tournament organizers were on par with his talent. His famous tantrums caused him to drop out of the game twice, before his historic victory in Reykjavik over the reigning world champion, Boris Spassky, in 1972.

That match was not only the pinnacle of his career but a memorable moment in the history of the Cold War. It may seem incredible to anyone under 40 that a game, however complex and ancient, should have prompted Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to plead with the already eccentric Fischer to go to Iceland. (“America wants you to go over there and beat the Russians.”) But Dr. Kissinger knew that, for *those Russians*, chess was never a game. For millions, it was an escape from drab reality, while, for the *nomenklatura*, it was a propaganda weapon no less important than Sputnik or Olga Korbut. Fischer defeated Boris Spassky in the Match of the Century—and, for once, the contemporary hyperbole was justified.

The event was filled with Cold War drama. Soviet officials accused the United States of trying to throw off Spassky by using secret electronic devices pointed at their player. Fischer’s chair and the whole playing area were subjected to a thorough examination. All light fixtures were removed from the ceiling, but only two dead flies were found inside them. A member of the Soviet delegation was finally rebuked for demanding that an autop-

sy be performed on the insects. Not to be outdone, Fischer had all fillings in his teeth replaced on the eve of the match, fearing the presence of Soviet implants that could be activated to distract him at crucial moments. On September 1, 1972, Fischer became world champion after Spassky conceded a match in which the brash challenger won 7 games, drew 11, and lost 3.

During his remaining 35 years after the Match of the Century, Fischer’s life went steadily downhill. In 1975, after a long dispute with chess authorities, he refused to defend his title, thus giving it to the good Soviet boy Anatoly Karpov (now a “liberal, pro-Western reformist,” of course). In his final decade, he would use Filipino radio talk shows to rail against the Jews, the United States, the commies, the Russians, both Bushes, the chess establishment, and the police in Pasadena, where Fischer was mistakenly arrested and detained for two days in 1981. On September 11, 2001, Fischer, now a self-avowed devotee of both *Mein Kampf* and the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, screamed for joy: “This is all wonderful news. It’s time for the f--king U.S. to get their heads kicked in. To finish off the U.S. once and for all . . . I want to see the U.S. wiped out.” Fischer’s antics suggested that, as chess master and psychologist Bill Hartston claimed, “chess is not something that drives people mad,” but “something that keeps mad people sane.”

The news of Fischer’s arrest in Japan in 2004, on a U.S. warrant for violating U.N. sanctions against Yugoslavia 12 years earlier by playing his old rival Boris Spassky there, echoed across the globe. It was as if a forgotten silent-movie star, long presumed dead, had suddenly turned up in a blaze of publicity. Just as extradition seemed imminent, Iceland’s unexpected offer of asylum saved the day. The offer was the result of a campaign by Icelanders who felt that Fischer put their lonely island on the map and deserved to be repaid for the favor. The decision by a tiny country to risk American displeasure for the sake of gratitude to an eccentric has-been stood in stark

contrast to the bigger and more powerful European countries’ willingness blithely to follow Washington’s lead on most issues that matter.

On balance, it is a good thing that Fischer died as a free man in a foreign country. He was not guilty of any crime. His radio harangues, reprehensible *per se* and damaging to his reputation, were no worse than thousands of remarks heard in mosques and Islamic centers all over the United States every Friday. His original alleged sin—violating the U.N. sanctions—was an absurd charge that should have been ruled unconstitutional because it was based on the transfer of legislative authority to the president on behalf of an evil institution.

Had Bobby Fischer ended up in a cage like Ezra Pound, the story would have had a more melodramatic finale. It is nevertheless comforting to know that there is a plucky little island out there in the Northern Atlantic that has not succumbed, yet, to the ugly Leviathan that presumes to order our lives and our thoughts.

—Srdja Trifkovic

OBITER DICTA

Making her debut in the pages of *Chronicles* is our poet, **Stella Nesanovich**. A professor of English at McNeese State University in Lake Charles, Louisiana, she is the author of *A Brightness That Made My Soul Tremble: Poems on the Life of Hildegard of Bingen* (Blue Heron Press, 1996) and *Vespers at Mount Angel: Poems* (Xavier Review Press, 2004) and editor of *Points of Gold: Poems for Leo Luke Marcello* (Xavier Review Press, 2005). Her poetry has appeared in several anthologies and in numerous journals and magazines.

Our cover photo is provided by **Gregory McNamee** of Tucson, Arizona. A widely published writer, editor, and photographer, Mr. McNamee is the author, most recently, of *Moveable Feasts* (Praeger, 2006).

Our interior art is provided by our designer, **Melanie Anderson**. Mrs. Anderson received her B.F.A. from Northern Illinois University.

Our Open (Borders) Secret

The long campaign of 2007-08, already sputtering out in fizzled squibs, childish ploys, and pointless personal re-creations, has offered few of the moments of drama or high comedy that Americans have rightly come to expect of our political candidates. The debates have been as drab as Hillary Clinton's pantsuits, as wooden as Barack Obama's imitation of Al Sharpton, and as predictable as Mitt Romney's second thoughts on abortion and immigration.

For comedy, the best act so far has been Mike Huckabee's appearances in South Carolina, where he was flanked by Chuck Norris and Ric "The Nature Boy" Flair, whom he introduced as his secretaries of defense and homeland security. I think I would rather vote for Naitch, who knows he is an entertainer and not an athlete, than for a politician who would use a rassler as part of his act.

But even Huckabee's clowning, deplorable as it is, falls far short of the performances of Bob Dole, backed up by Sam and Dave imitators singing "The Dole Man," or the unintentional parody of priggish liberalism performed by Happy Hubert Humphrey, or Jimmy Carter's antics (the "adultery in my heart" confession to *Playboy* or, best of all, his proclamation "I will never lie to you"—perhaps the greatest lie ever told by an American politician, and that is saying something). I have not even mentioned Jimmy's wonderful family—his beer-bellied brother Billy or his evangelist sister who "converted" pornographer Larry Flynt. Flynt was so touched by grace that he did an Adam and Eve spread in *Hustler*, naturally in the best of taste. At least we have our memories!

Populists have often provided campaigns both with drama and with actual issues. The peroration to William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech was still being memorized by at least one schoolboy in the 1950's, and Huey Long and George Wallace both scared the bejeezus out of the partitocrats. I do not know why Long was shot, but Governor Wallace certainly gave the GOP a good reason to eliminate him, as Martha Mitchell told the press before being hustled off to an institution. Chuck Colson, who went to Arthur Bremer's apartment allegedly to plant Democrat propaganda, might know something, but he is not talking.

Political assassination is as American as apple pie, and, as I told Pat Buchanan, when he mentioned something about reforming the Republican Party, the last man who tried that was James Garfield, and he was murdered by a professed "Republican stalwart," whose credo was "My party, right or wrong." Threatening to reform either party is like getting between the lion and his prey.

The nearest thing to a populist in this race is the mild-mannered Ron Paul. Despite his timid demeanor—in

the 50's he would have inevitably been compared to Wally Cox—Dr. Paul has his zany side: He believes in the Constitution of the old American republic, and he actually thinks it has some relevance for America today. God

bless him, I would vote for him if only for pretending to embrace such a heartwarming fantasy. As it is, I am convinced he believes what he says. (His candor and sincerity alone are enough to disqualify him as a serious presidential candidate in these United States.) Paul not only wants, in principle, to restore the republic but also opposes the continued erosion of states' rights and U.S. sovereignty.

Ron Paul's most flamboyant gesture in defense of the republic (one in which he is joined by the estimable Duncan Hunter) has been the denunciation of what is sometimes called the North American Union. The NAU is an alleged plot to merge the three countries of North America—the United States, Canada, and Mexico—into a union that will function something like the European Union. If the first step toward unification is represented by the "NAFTA Superhighway"—a free-trade hole in the American border stretching from Mexico to Canada—the apogee will be the issuance of a new common currency, the Amero.

World government has been a treasured bugbear of the fringe right since the heyday of the John Birch Society, and the current conspiracy has supposedly been cooked up by the Council on Foreign Relations, the Bush administration, and the usual globalist suspects. In 2005, the CFR issued a report, "Building a North American Community," whose aspirations were echoed in the Bush administration's plan "Security and Prosperity Partnership of North America" (SPP), released after a meeting among George W. Bush, Vicente Fox, and Paul Martin. The plan, which is predicated on the idea that "our security and prosperity are mutually dependent and complementary," calls for a joint task force to implement the goals: common security and a common market.

Representative Paul has denounced the SPP as "an unholy alliance of foreign consortiums and officials from several governments" that does not even enjoy the legal fig leaf of an official treaty. The more general conclusion he draws is that "decisions that affect millions of Americans are not being made by those Americans themselves, or even by their elected representatives in Congress," but by "a handful of elites [who] use their government connections to by-

